

CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

DEVOTED TO DOCTRINE, MORALITY, LITERATURE, AND RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

WE ARE AMBASSADORS FOR CHRIST... BE YE RECONCILED TO GOD.

VOLUME II. NO. 45.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1849.

WHOLE NO. 97

CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

HALLOCK & LYON, PUBLISHERS.

TERMS: \$2 50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

PUBLISHING OFFICE, NO. 3 ASTOR HOUSE, BARCLAY-STREET.

Original.

A SERMON

Preached in Andover, Vt., at the funeral of Mrs. Maria Balch Peabody, April 9, 1849.

BY REV. S. C. LOVELAND.

"Jesus said unto her, Mary."—JOHN XX: 16.

CIRCUMSTANCES may give to an expression, exceedingly simple in itself, a very rich and important meaning. A single word, as in the language of my text, may make many things impenetrably dark throw themselves at once into the light of day, and convert what we supposed to be shrouded in the darkest shade of sorrow, into a scene of the most inconceivable joy.

The Mary whom Jesus addressed in the language of our text was the famous Mary Magdalene, whom Jesus had before healed of difficulties which, we may well conclude, were of the most tormenting kind. Our Bible calls them "*seven devils*." And if we cannot decide whether they were wicked invisible spirits, or something else, that tormented this unfortunate daughter of affliction, of one thing we may be confident: they were such as could be disposed of only by the saving power of the benevolent Redeemer.

For Mary, Jesus had done a great work. Her infirmities, which from the number, "*seven*," indicates the sum of malignant evils, and which were all combined in one person, had been removed by him. For this, Mary was never wanting in gratitude. She felt that she owed her all to her Lord and Master; nor have we reason to believe that one selfish motive ever restrained her from rendering him every service that was in her power to perform. This may look like an extravagant encomium, but the evidence of our position is near at hand.

We are now, in our imagination, to approach the scene of crucifixion. Who can describe it? What tongue or pen, at this distance of time, can speak, or paint its horrors? The Lord of glory is suffering by the hands of sinners! Thieves or robbers are his companions in agony! but the innocent Redeemer alone is the subject of contempt. The noise of babbling tongues were rapidly pouring forth the effusions of their malice and scorn. The priests of the law, with the great men of the Jewish nation, those whose lips should keep knowledge, forgot their dignity, or endeavored to convert every appearance of it, to enhance to trembling disciples, the terror of that horrible scene. Their triumph was displayed in gestures of exultation and mad joy. But we must add to all this, *nature's gloom*. Darkness was on the earth from noon till three o'clock, while the Savior was suffering. This we

may well conclude was not the darkness of a common night, when the sun seems peacefully to leave us for the day, as though it sought repose behind the western hills. But it was an unusual darkness—not for intensity, we conclude, but for gloom. When other obstacles than the earth or clouds obstruct the rays of the sun, those rays never fail, so far as they reach us, to appear like a garment of mourning. Witness a total eclipse of the sun, such as has been seen within the memory of the older part of this auditory.

How dreadful to friends was that day of terror when the Savior suffered! None of the disciples, it appears, could endure to stand near the cross but John. Yet we find three women at a place where, with a single exception, among friends, masculine powers could not endure the scene! "Now there stood by the cross of Jesus, his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary, the wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene." These three Marys had too much innocence to fear, and too much love to retire. When the earth around them appeared clothed in sackcloth, and the heavens over their heads were dark; when friends had forsaken their Master and fled, and enemies like angry bees were buzzing around the cross, wagging their heads and uttering their bitter taunts; and when heavenly assistance seemed altogether withdrawn, these women stood, like angels of mercy, to soothe, to pity, and to watch every emotion of their crucified friend.

This scene of suffering changes. So with all the sufferings of mankind. They cannot always endure, but must spend their strength and fall somewhere. But of Christ, he gives up the ghost, and permits his body to fall where our fathers have fallen, and ours must fall, in the iron grasp of death. Joseph's sepulchre is the place of his interment. An honorable grave followed a dishonorable death. But Mary Magdalene had not yet given over her services for her friend. She learned the place of his interment, and she, with two other women, had prepared spices for the embalming of his body. When the Sabbath was past, very early in the morning of the first day of the week, they repaired to the sepulchre, for the purpose of rendering to the body of Jesus the gratuitous service of embalming it. It seems that they did not consider that the sepulchre was guarded by Roman soldiers, besides the obstacle of a great stone placed at the mouth of the cave. They were too intent on their object, and too persevering, to think much of obstacles. But it is evident that a mightier hand than Roman power had prepared the way for them; had both opened the door of the sepulchre and silenced the opposition of the soldiery. It appears that the other women, in their disappointment at not finding the body, had left; but Mary Magdalene remained weeping. It seemed to add to all her accumulated sorrows, that that last privilege should be denied her, to anoint the silent body of a friend to whom she considered herself more indebted than to all others. While weeping, she stooped to look into the sepulchre, and saw there two angels dressed in white; one sitting at the head, and the other at the foot, where the body of Jesus had lain. Her attention was too much engrossed with the subject of her grief to be surprised.

Besides, we may imagine the heavenly placidness of their countenances was too soothing to terrify the innocent, sorrowing woman. On catching her eye, they immediately ask her, "Why weepest thou?" Her reply was indicative of the entire simplicity of her mind: "Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." She had nothing on this subject to conceal, and therefore adopted no reserve of language. "And when she had thus said," continues the sacred historian, "she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus. Jesus said unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou?" She perceived him not by his voice, but supposed him to be one who had the care of the ground about the sepulchre. She addressed the supposed stranger as though he was acquainted with all the circumstances of her grief, saying, "Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away."

Mary manifested, in this instance, a very peculiar propensity of the human mind. When grief or fear takes a very strong hold of the mind, it seems to the person as though another with whom he is talking must be acquainted with the general outlines of his subject, though that other person has never been told them. In our calm, collected moments, we feel that our subjects are our own; we keep them within our own minds, or divulge them as we please. In strong grief or fear, it seems as if the citadel of our thoughts was broken into; that others know much more of them than we find to be really the case. This expression of Mary, then, was the result of a very natural propensity, when people are placed in a condition somewhat similar to hers.

It was at the moment of Mary's reply that Jesus saw fit to reveal himself to this most devoted female disciple. This he did by pronouncing a single word, *Mary!* Here he displayed that tone of voice and accent that was peculiarly his own. Mary could not resist the evidence a moment, but cries in rapture, "Rabboni." The sacred historian, although he wrote not in the common language of Judea, has seen fit to give the very word of Mary's exclamation on the occasion, and then informs us, it means "*My master.*" Oriental scholars tell us it is a word of stronger import than Rabbi, though they are commonly translated as synonymous words.

Here the scene of Mary's unlooked for joy comes up before us, as in a blaze of light. She went to weep over the lifeless form of a most dear friend; and when she wept that even those tears were not allowed her, she found the living Savior! She had come to see those lips, cold and motionless, that had commanded away from her the evils which had made this world a hell for her habitation, and to assuage her wounded spirit by the multitude of her tears. She had come to bury her joys where her physician's crucified form was laid, and henceforth seemingly to seek no joy but in sorrow, no comforting influences but in the dear remembrance of her great restorer. But how often does the gloomy shade of sorrow deceive us! Nothing could exceed Mary's piety and devotion; but her knowledge of her divine Master, his power and glory, was then wonderfully limited. Such a friend was not to be forgotten by our Lord. She was honored with the first sight of his person after he arose from the dead. The first expressions that dropped from the lips of a risen Savior fell upon the ears of Mary. The tones of his peculiar voice, that gladdened the hearts of the desponding disciples, first infused within her melting frame the invigorating influences of joy and hope.

From our subject we gather some very important and useful ideas. Among these we remark, that the darkest and most perplexing periods of life often prove but a prelude to more abiding and substantial joy. "Grief

may endure for a night; but joy cometh in the morning." Nothing in this world could seem more hopeless than the cause of Christianity when the Savior expired on the cross. Nothing could appear more like burying it, than placing its great leader within the shades of Joseph's sepulchre. But we have now learned that this was its road, dark as it was, to conquest and glory. All this is now plainly manifest in the eyes of believing mortals.

So with respect to mortal man. It is a gloomy thought that he must die; that as all those who have gone before us have died, so all the living now, with all that are to follow us till the last generation, who alone may be excepted, must die. But if Jesus has gone to prepare a place for us, as we believe, this is our road to find him, and to find the rest of an eternal and peaceful home. To live eternally here with a mixture of good and evil, would be to suffer a portion of endless misery. It is, undoubtedly, one of the wise dispensations of Providence to remove us from these toils, though this removal may look like a calamity. The case before us now is one peculiarly calculated to awaken a united and mournful sympathy. A youthful mother, who once stood among us in health and cheerfulness, is now fallen from the arms of her surviving husband. We have yet with us a toil-worn mother, to whom a most complicated cup of affliction is poured out. This is a sad day with them, and with the other relatives, who are all deeply interested in the grievous loss they are now called to experience. But our subject invites us to look beyond this dark scene. This is but one of the gloomy nights of our passage to a happier and better world.

The doctrine of a future state of existence is one among the topics of our subject. It is difficult to imagine how Christianity could ever have been revived after the death of Christ, provided he never arose from the dead. If Christ never arose, then is Christianity a falsehood. It is impossible to suppose that the Apostles could be imposed upon, so as to suppose that Christ arose from the dead when in fact he did not. If there was any cheat about it, the disciples must be the ones to know it, and to impose it upon the world, if it was thus imposed upon the world. But the whole train of circumstances forbids the conclusion. The doctrine of the resurrection stands established upon these premises. Here we rest our faith; on this foundation we build our hopes.

It is a remarkable circumstance, that he who stilled the raging elements with a word; who could say to the troubled waves, *Peace, be still,* and be obeyed, should first make himself known in the power of the resurrection by pronouncing the single name of a friend. Who ever preached so much in a whole sermon, as Jesus, on that occasion, preached to a troubled sister in the expression of a single word? How many whole volumes have been read with far less instruction than Mary received on this occasion! It was her Master's mouth that spoke her name; her eyes then saw that he was alive before her; and who can imagine the mighty rush of thought that flowed into her mind, refreshing as the rain upon a thirsty field?

Mary, Maria, and Miriam, are but varied spellings of the same name. We have now lost a Maria, and has her Lord and Master, who tasted death for all mankind, been mindful of our Maria, as he was of that Mary of old? He who has told us that not a hair of the heads of his disciples was permitted to fall without his Father's notice, can never forget one falling sister of our race. And has the spirit of our departed sister found one word or look of kindness from the merciful Redeemer, by which he has manifested himself in his own dignified and saving power, in a manner similar to the example before us? Who, then, would call her back if he could, to our world of sorrow? O, if our sister is at rest, we will

wade along through our troubles here without her, till our heavenly Father call us hence. The Lord grant us patience to bear what must be endured, till the night of death permits us to lay down all earthly burdens; to yield these bodies to the dust, and our spirits to Him who gave them.

OBSERVER'S REJECTED COMMUNICATION.

The following communication was sent, by its writer, to the N. Y. Observer for publication; but being refused a place in that paper, has been placed in our hands. After having slandered us in the manner alluded to, we are sorry the Observer would not do us the simple justice to publish the very moderate remarks below. Eds.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE N. Y. OBSERVER.

GENTLEMEN:—I have just read in the Observer of the 18th inst., an article headed "Catholicism is Natural." The spirit of Christian charity that pervades it is cheering, and, I am happy to add, is characteristic of the general tenor of your paper. I regret, however, to notice that another article in the same paper, headed "Return unto thy rest," is, so far as relates to Christian charity or fairness, the very reverse of the first named article.

The substance of this last named is this: A religious young lady was dependent upon a relative, who was a wealthy and influential Universalist. This relative, it would seem, set a snare for her, and succeeded in entangling her in its meshes for several years. The snare consisted in a proposition to the young lady to lay aside religious austerity, select Universalist associates, unite in the amusements of fashionable society, and then smiles would await her; she, meanwhile, was associating with Universalists who spoke against true religion, while she advocated its claims. This relative, it is further stated, insisted upon her visiting none but Universalists, receiving visits from no other sect, hear none but Universalist preachers, on pain of being forsaken by him entirely.

Now, I have been a Universalist a good while, am either acquainted with or know by reputation all the leading Universalists of New York and Brooklyn, and know of none who would pursue the course described by your correspondent; and I am confident that there must be some mistake about it. The writer was, perhaps, endeavoring to inculcate what he thought right by a fable, but to dress up a fable at the expense of a society of Christian brethren, merely because their tenets do not happen to accord with his own, is very unjust.

The brief outline of the Universalists' belief is given in the Rev. Mr. Austin's comments upon a letter of the Rev. Mr. Townsend, published in the Christian Messenger of 18th August. It is this: They believe in the existence, perfection, and government of God; in Jesus Christ, as the Son of God and the Savior of the world; in the great and important doctrine of rewards and punishments, and the certainty of their administration; in the inspiration of the Scriptures, in the resurrection of the dead, and state of immortality beyond the grave; and in the most glorious Bible truth, that at last Christ shall succeed in bringing all hearts to true repentance, and in causing every knee to bow, and every tongue to confess that he is Lord to the glory of God the Father. A good, honest follower of such a doctrine as this would not be at all likely to attempt so base a thing as to allure or brow-beat a young lady into dissipation. At any rate, such baseness is not the *peculiar* or *exclusive* trait of Universalism.

CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

New York, August 20, 1849.

CHRISTIANITY.—The sum of Christianity, or morality, is,—give and forgive, bear and forbear.

Original.

HOME AGAIN.

After an absence of something over a month, I have again returned home, and, as I trust, with a grateful heart for every favor enjoyed while from home duties. I have been privileged to visit kindred, and old and dear friends in the country, particularly in Jefferson and St. Lawrence counties. It was my pleasure to preach in Watertown and Canton, the shire-towns of those counties, places endeared to me by a ministry of nine years, having once resided three years in the former, and six in the latter place.

I also preached a Sabbath each in Madrid and Somerville, where Brs. Joseph Baker and G. Swan formerly ministered to the people. Both societies are destitute of the preached word, and the former is anxious to engage a minister immediately. The friends in Canton have succeeded in consummating an engagement with Br. J. T. Goodrich, of Oxford. He is to remove there, I believe, by the first of October next. Neither society nor minister has any risk to run in this case, for both are tried and true, and we expect to hear many good things from there. Watertown has been supplied for a time past by a young brother of the name of Stewart;—his engagement had expired when I visited there. It was not fully determined whether he would continue on any longer or not. It is, however, probably decided by this time.

Watertown is one of the finest and most enterprising villages in Northern New York. Our society there is quite strong—they can accomplish any desirable and praiseworthy object. They very much need a new church, their old one looks gloomy and dilapidated. It will tumble down soon, and I almost hope it will do so before this article is read there. Having the most desirable location in that entire village, our friends should erect a large and splendid edifice. They have ample means in that vicinity to accomplish this very desirable object, and by going properly to work they can easily gather them together. May they be prospered in so doing.

In our rustication we had the pleasure of meeting other friends on our way, whom we have every reason to remember with affection. In memory's mellowing glass we shall ever behold their cheerful countenances, for never can we forget them. And now, having seen them all once again, and returned to our own dear home, we will, with increased health and zeal, labor on in the good cause in which we are all mutually engaged. W. H. W.

Albany, Sept. 1, 1849.

PERFECTION OF CHRISTIANITY.

If the religion we profess be from God, it lies not with man to alter or modify an iota of its letter. Everything human admits of change and vicissitudes; states and empires, arts and sciences, customs and manners, laws and governments, feel, without ceasing, this inevitable principle acting upon them. God, from the throne of his immutability, sports with all the works and enterprises of man; and, willing to show us the little value we should set on things perishable, has decreed that there should be nothing permanent on the face of the earth, but the very vicissitude that marks and agitates it.

But in the midst of this scene of continual revolution, the Scriptures remain unchangeable as the source whence they sprung; such as the first Christians received and understood them, such are they at this hour; and such will they be when the heavens and the earth are passed away. Neither the force nor corruption of times can render them more austere or more indulgent. They form that everlasting and immutable system announced in the revelation of St. John: "And I saw another angel from the midst of the heavens, bearing in his hand the ever

lasting Gospel to preach unto all who dwell upon the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people, saying, with a loud voice, Fear God and give glory unto him, for his judgment is come. [Dean Kirwan.

Original.

A SCRAP.

The windings of the river Delaware, separating Pennsylvania from New Jersey, lock the former State into Sussex County in the latter, by what a carpenter would call a *dove's tail*. A crystal brook meanders among picturesque hills, through the northwest of this county, beside the Delaware, into whose bosom it pours its glassy tide, opposite the peninsula just named. While spending a few months among the delightful scenes of this section, I was made to realize—as I believe every tyro in the work of influencing othersis—the varieties of minds; that there are some “coarse,” some “fine,” and some “superfine.” One sunny Saturday morning, with a book or so, I followed a difficult road up an eminence, that I rightly imagined, afforded an entrancing landscape. Satisfying my love of Nature's beauties, I bent my course toward the home of Br. E., who then lived near the dove's tail, but now in the spirit land. A little before reaching the descent, a voice from an adjacent field cried,

“Ho! there, what kind o' books you got to sell?”

“None, sir.”

“You a school teacher?”

“No, sir.”

“Do you live in Wallpack?”

“Northern part of it, sir.”

“Do you know B.?”

“Yes, sir, I board with him.”

“I thought you a *priest*!”

Having, at the time, no appetite for ridicule, I walked slowly away, but was soon called back, with the assurance that a Methodist minister wanted to speak seriously with me. On returning, I beheld a huge, mammoth creature astride the fence, holding in his bloated hands a rake. By the field side of the fence stood a group of half a dozen men, leaning on their various agricultural implements, and thirsting for fun like parched desert travelers for water. The teeth of the animal on the fence parted, and out leaped the following “reptiles”:

“You a preacher?”

“I preach sometimes.”

“What do you preach?”

“The Gospel, sir, as well as I understand it.”

Provoked by what seemed to him evasiveness, he exclaimed,

“You're a Universaler, ar'n't ye?”

“A Universalist, yes, sir.”

“Well, I've got a *pig pen* over yonder, full of hogs. I'll set the trough up on end, and you can put your pamphlet on that, and pour forth your moral poison day and night, if you've a mind to. Our Savior cast devils into swine, and there's where you ought to empty the devil's doctrine. You'd be better employed than you are now, scattering your soul-damning heresies among God's people!”

“This may be the language of a Methodist minister,” replied I, “but it is not the language of a Christian. Notwithstanding your unkind manner, I am willing to be instructed by you. Convince me that what I advocate is the ‘devil's’ and ‘soul damning,’ and I will not expose myself even to the fleas of your sty. Until I am so convinced I shall still preach what I have ‘among God's people,’ though in consequence I am occasionally bitten by a flea in human form. Now, seriously, sir, I wish you to *show* that the doctrine stated by Paul thus: God ‘will have all men to be saved and come to a knowledge of the truth,’ is the devil's and soul-damning.”

Trembling with excitement, he now uttered words too bad to record, which drew from the listeners the ejaculations, “Don't, A.!” “It's too bad to talk so!” &c. Mental grossness, as it came in masses from the lips of that human being, was felt as it never before had been. I subsequently learned that he was a Methodist “exhorter,”—excessively pious during a season of revival,—whose ill conduct had cast and kept him out of the pale of his Church.

On a visit to another part of the same county, I met a very different kind of mind. One, beginning to bend under the burden of years, told the cheer given his heart by our loved faith, with lips quivering with emotion. Once he sat beside his companion, his gleeful little ones around him, and everything bidding him be happy except his religion. That threw a dark shadow over the scene. It did not hang above, protecting from the chill and storm, and admitting heaven's resplendent light. It was itself a black tempest, beneath which dwelt the deepest night. Will not, thought he, these spirits that seem now to gaze joyfully from out their beautiful tabernacles, at some future time curse me as the instrument of their being? Yes, if I am ever conscious that they are the recipients of pain as intense and long enduring as the infinite God can make it, shall I not curse myself? Every fountain of social and domestic bliss was congealed by these and kindred agonizing thoughts! Now, he finds himself possessed of a faith which, though bringing him persecution because of his zeal, enables him to view his wife and children, and thank God for the anticipated felicity of the time when there shall be

“No wanderer lost,
A family in heaven!”

His frosty hair and furrowed features, his affectionate, impassioned tones kindled, the feelings of the child for the parent in me; and, inspiring me with fresh courage, spurred me on in duty. I could not but contrast the purity and delicacy of the language with which kindness expressed itself in this instance, with the vulgarity and coarseness of that to which anger gave utterance in the other.

G. H. D.

Danbury, Ct., Aug. 27.

Original

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ST. PAUL,
IN A SERIES OF LETTERS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN
WRITTEN ABOUT A. D., 181, BY DAVID, THE GRAND-
SON OF ST. LUKE, TO SEVERUS, A CONVERTED ROMAN.

LETTER X.

MY EXCELLENT FRIEND:—

Before an opportunity offered to send Paul to Rome, a distinguished visitor made his appearance in Cesarea. This visitor was no less a personage than king Agrippa. He was a descendant of Herod the Great, and a son of that Herod whose painful death you will find described in my grandfather's writings. But, though he inherited the crown and talents of his ancestors, he did not inherit their depravity of heart. Romans and Jews unite in saying that he was a mild ruler, a just king, a benevolent man, and very familiar with the duties of his station. Festus mentioned the case of Paul to the king. With the indifference of a stoic, he informed his guest that the sole cause of the trouble was about Jesus, the Jew saying that he was dead, and Paul affirming that he was alive. He also gave a particular account of Paul's former trial, and of his appeal to Cæsar. The singularity of the case excited the curiosity of the king, and he requested and obtained permission to hear Paul in his own defence.

The morrow, the appointed day, came. The audience hall was full, but the excitable multitude was not there.

For, instead of the rabble, the grandees of Agrippa's kingdom and the chief men of Festus' province filled the room. Beneath the imperial eagle, the representative of Rome took his seat. His guards, the veterans of the army, stood around in their military costume. The sound of music and the shouts of the populace announced the approach of the king, and with great pomp he entered and took a seat at the right hand of Festus. Paul was now admitted. He was guarded by a soldier, and bound with a chain. But he came not as a prisoner before his judges, for he had already placed himself beyond the power of common kings by appealing to Cæsar. Neither did he appear to defend himself against his enemies, for they were not permitted to speak. But he came to stand up before the king, as an Ambassador from the living God to dying men. Thus engaged, the pomp of this world could not overawe, nor its display dazzle him, for he believed himself the chosen of the Most High; he had riches laid up in heaven; his name was written in the book of life. Place him before your mind's eye, my excellent Severus. See that old man in chains, standing before the powerful, "preaching Christ and him crucified." See him raised by the eternal principles on which he rested above the throne, the sceptre, and the sword!

After due preparation, Festus informed the King and all present, that the individual before them was one for whose death the Jews were always clamoring, but when he had examined him he had not found him guilty of any crime. He also said that as the prisoner had appealed to Cæsar, and he was forced to send him to Rome, he had given him liberty to speak for himself, that he might report his case to the emperor. When Festus closed, Agrippa said to Paul, "Thou art permitted to speak for thyself."

"I am happy," said he, "King Agrippa, because I shall answer for myself this day before thee, touching all the things whereof I am accused by the Jews. I am especially happy to speak before thee, for it is a peculiarly fortunate circumstance that I am called to make my defence before a judge so intelligent, and so well acquainted with the laws and customs of the Jews. I am a Jew by birth and education. While young, I joined the pharisees, and that sect, as you know, is the strictest in doctrine and practice, of them all. And now, the only crime of which I am accused is, confidence in the promise which God made unto our fathers, that the dead should be raised. Why should it be thought a thing incredible that God should raise the dead? I verily thought myself that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth. And this I did in Jerusalem; for many of them did I shut up in prison, and when they were put to death I gave my voice against them. I punished them in their synagogues, and forced them to abjure Christ, and being exceedingly enraged against them, I persecuted them even in strange cities. I went to Damascus, authorized by the chief priests to arrest men and women, and to send them to Jerusalem for trial. But at mid-day, O king! I saw a light from heaven, brighter than the sun. We all fell to the earth, for fear deprived us of strength. Suddenly a voice said to me, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? I said, Who art thou, Lord? And the voice replied, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest. But rise, and stand up on thy feet; for I have appeared unto thee to make thee a minister and a witness of these things which thou hast seen, and of those things in the which I will appear unto thee. The great purpose for which you must labor is, to open the eyes of men, to turn them from darkness to light, from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith in me. To this command, O king! I was not disobedient, but I everywhere preached that

men should repent, and that Christ should suffer and that he was the first that should rise from the dead."

When he spoke of the resurrection from the dead, Festus, who was more familiar with war and politics than religion, could control himself no longer, but losing either his temper or his wits, suddenly exclaimed in a loud voice, "Paul, thou art beside thyself. Much learning hath made thee mad." The apostle's answer was this: "I am not mad, most noble Festus, but speak the words of truth and soberness." Then, as if urged by the enthusiasm of the moment beyond the bounds of court etiquette, he suddenly addressed the king. "King Agrippa," said he, "believest thou the prophets?" Without affording the astonished king time to reply, he immediately added, "I know that thou believest." The suddenness and boldness of this address startled Agrippa, and he impulsively replied, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." "Would to God," replied the undaunted Apostle, "that not only thou, but all who hear me this day, were both almost and altogether such as I am, except these bonds."

The assembly now broke up. The impression on the minds of the hearers was favorable, and he would have been set at liberty, had he not appealed unto Cæsar.

I fear that the length and number of my letters weary you. But have patience, my dear friend, since all I have to communicate will be written in my next epistle. Circumstances over which I have no control, but of which I need not speak, compel me to be more brief than I at first designed.

Farewell,

DAVID.

Original.

G O D.

"It is," says Paley, "an immense conclusion, that there is a God; a perceiving, intelligent, designing Being, at the head of creation, from whose will it proceeded." So, indeed, it is; and so immense that but few in this world of ours have come to that conclusion. Now we know very well, when making this assertion, that almost every man upon the face of the earth acknowledges the existence of a God of some kind. But this acknowledgment is merely giving assent to that which is taught them, without intellectual investigation and moral reflection, on their part; which is very far from being a conclusion.

The child, before it leaves the nursery, when its little stock of ideas is barely sufficient to enable it to take in the identity of its nurse, is heard to talk about God. If questions are put to it concerning the source of its knowledge, the honest answer is, "Mother said so." After a few years have passed, and ideas have accumulated, he asks himself what he knows about a God; the response is, "It was only mother said so." This turns confusion into all his thoughts; he has some vague notions of God, whom he clothes with a character snatched from the wardrobe of his fancy—a dress which is sometimes very unsightly to look upon. Shame on this stupidity which causes men to believe a thing, without being able to give any evidences of its truth!

There is abundant evidence to prove the existence of a God. If there were not, we could not rationally be expected to believe in one. Then wherefore the propriety or reason in giving a blind, stupid assent to the existence of a God, without any effort of mind in the believer?

There seems to be a fear darkening the minds of many, that to investigate nature to prove the existence of a God, will lead to infidelity! Now, that is a most strange foundation on which to erect a fear of that kind! Would not such an investigation necessarily lead to the "immense conclusion" that there is a God, whose "spirit moved upon the face of the deep," when "the earth was with-

out form and void;" and from the dark mass of atoms, produced light, and order, and beauty? How much more satisfactory it is to the mind to know, by firmly established proofs, that there is such a Being, than that dreamy state or wild belief made up of a thousand contradictory fancies and errors. Although this knowledge is "immense," it is not very difficult to obtain.

When the child begins to have some idea of a First Cause, if it were turned into the flowery and fruitful field of nature to gather food for its soul, it would soon come to the tree whereon grows the healthful fruit which nourishes the mind so as to bring out its power—which fruit is the knowledge of a God. And it would soon learn, too, that in inanimate creation, each production, from the parasite which creeps on the bodies of more complicated structures, to the ponderous masses of matter moulded in exquisite beauty, moving through space, sends an ingredient to form that fruit. And in animate creation, from the coral polypi to highly organized man, a sweet essence is arising, which, being absorbed by that fruit, makes it pleasant to the intellectual taste. After this ramble in nature's garden, if he were questioned about his knowledge of God, the answer would not be, "mother said so," nor "mother *only* said so; but he could "give a reason for the hope that is within him." He would be like unto one whose beautiful history is given by Josephus. Jonathan, the son of the first king of Israel, when he would give an assurance of his deep and lasting affection for his young friend David, the comely son of Jesse, took him "into the pure air and open field," and said, "I appeal to that God who, as thou seest, is diffused everywhere."

A rational belief in a God is not only a satisfaction to the mind, but also a direct benefit. There cannot be any jarring of opinion with regard to the character of God, by those who believe in him through an investigation of His works. All must come to the same conclusion, and that conclusion will be that His goodness is equal to His wisdom and power; for no man can see how nature, in all her operations is calculated to give pleasure to life and happiness to mind, without perceiving goodness in the Former of nature and Giver of mind. When it is seen that the great Designer designed good in creation, that wild belief in the eternity of punishment will no longer deceive men—a belief which has been an injury to the mind: for it makes no distinction between good and bad actions, with regard to the rewards and punishments connected with them. An eternity of punishment, and an escape from all punishment, is independent of any good or bad actions connected with them, and made to depend upon a certain state of mind at the death of the one who is to inherit the one or the other. This is not a state of things goodness would permit, if there were wisdom to plan a better one, and power to execute it. Goodness would inseparably connect punishment with bad actions, and happiness with good actions, for the benefit of the actor. A God believed in by investigation, will thus order things; therefore a belief in such a One is a direct benefit to the mind, by directing it from the doing of evil to the doing of good.

Besides satisfaction and benefit, a well-grounded belief in God gives consolation to the mind. The mind of man, in this world, is subject to be thrown into a state of uneasiness and disquietude about many things. Then it is comforting to have access to the Eternal Mind, and have that uneasiness and disquietude calmed, and have quiet and peace in its stead. This comfortable state of mind can only be secured by communion with the Infinite. Man is sometimes placed under circumstances where the sympathy of his fellow man gives no consolation. His grief is sacred, and "a stranger intermeddled not therewith." Then "a correspondence fixed with heaven is sure a noble anchor."

Happy would it be if all men enjoyed the satisfaction, benefit, and consolation derived from a rational belief in a God. Then such errors as the "Trinity, Personality of the Holy Ghost, Personality of the Devil, Deity of Christ, Endless Misery," &c., &c., would not be known:—errors which form a foundation upon which a tower has been built that has caused more confusion among men than did the tower built by the "mighty hunter" of Babylon.

There is a great consolation in that reasonable hope which points the mind to that time in the future when "all shall know the Lord, from the least to the greatest," and "worship him in the beauty of holiness." ADA.

Canajoharie, August, 1849.

Original.

LOCATION OF THE PROPOSED COLLEGE.

Now that the subscriptions in its behalf have proceeded to such an extent as to give assurance that the wishes of our denomination will shortly be realized, by the establishment of a College under the patronage of Universalists, it seems proper to begin to agitate the question concerning the location of such an institution. Of the different places that will be thought of in this connection, there are, doubtless, a considerable number that possess many of the requisites for such a purpose. We hope, however, that it will not be thought obtrusive in us to say, that of the entire number there is not one that combines so many and so desirable advantages as New Haven. Its world-wide renown as the seat of learning, the beauty and healthfulness of its location, its central position, being easy of access by railroad from all parts of the country, the intelligence and refinement of its inhabitants,—these and many other advantages combine to render it one of the most desirable places for such a purpose. Since so much of the success of such an enterprise depends upon a favorable location, we trust that those who have this business in charge will not overlook the claims of a place so well entitled to their favorable consideration, as

NEW HAVEN.

Original.

FOURTH OF JULY, 1849.

Our Nations glorious birth-day! The heart of every true lover of liberty, on this joyous anniversary, swells with the deepest emotions of gratitude for the richest blessings ever bestowed on any nation, and breathes a fervent prayer for the continuance of the noble structure of Freedom. Oh thou great Ruler of the Universe! Most devoutly do we beseech thee, to give thy angels charge over our country and write *Union* on every heart. Confound the designs of every man that dares breathe ought of the *dissolution* of our Republic. May our country stand forth as a glorious example for all nations to follow; and may it feed the flame of Liberty until a king shall become the *eighth* wonder of the world. May the name of America bring joy to every heart. May the heart of every American remember in pity those nations yet trammelled by the claims of tyranny, or wasting away by famine. May we extend a friendly hand especially to the countrymen of Emmet. And finally may America ever be the "home of the free."

Many,

INTERLINGVILLE.

"Lies are generally bungling things, and are almost always sure to be detected. They are certain to bring with them shame and punishment."

"One wilful sin generally leads to another; and it is well if sin does not end in the utter destruction of our peace."

CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1849.

THE UNITARIANS.

We are surprised beyond expression at the course pursued by the Christian Register of Boston, towards the Universalists. It is engaged in publishing the lowest and most shameful misrepresentations which a diseased mind can invent. The Orthodox, in their bitterest opposition, have not resorted to measures more contemptible and disgraceful. As an instance of this, we take the following from an article in a recent number of the Register:

"All who have been diligent and attentive observers of the Universalist denomination, for the last few years, have perceived the presence of discordant and incongruous elements and differences in their midst."

Now there is not one word of truth in this. We have been acquainted with our denomination for twenty years, and we have never known a time when there was more harmony of feeling than is now existing. Neither have we ever known a time when our ministers were so unanimous and decided in expressing their opposition to the indefinite theology, double dealing, and low policy of the Unitarians. There was a period when many of our clergy felt that the Unitarians were the friends of our denomination, and rejoiced in our prosperity; but painful experience has changed their opinions, and they are now compelled, though very reluctantly, to regard them as among their principal opposers.

The following extract is from the same article:

"The Universalist, from the teachings of the Bible, receives as one of its prominent truths, the doctrines of the overthrow of sin and misery, and the ultimate salvation of the sinner. The Unitarian, (while he would joyfully receive this consoling and elevating doctrine,) believes it not definitely and distinctly revealed. This portion of the Universalist denomination, agreeing so nearly with the Unitarian, preserve the most friendly and amicable relations with that body, their sympathies are with them, and with deep regret do they behold the attacks upon that sect by those who differ from them. While, in the present posture of affairs, it may be considered by them not expedient to coalesce as one body, they ardently wish to have peace, harmony, and love, prevail among those so similar in religious views. It is with pain and deep sorrow that they witness so frequently those unkind and unchristian exhibitions of jealousy. The portion of the Universalist sect here alluded to, are a respectable and increasing body, and number in their ranks many of the most gifted, pious, and devoted ministers among us. But in the denominational press their writings are rarely seen, and their voice in the councils of the sect is seldom heard. The reasons for this course are evident to us all. The time is however approaching when their power and influence will be felt, and then, and not till then, will this denomination assume such a position as their glorious doctrines and enlarged views demand. May God hasten the day when the sanctifying and elevating truths of this system shall exert their blessed effects on the souls of men; and when those unscriptural and delusive errors, which have so long marred and frustrated its saving and regenerating powers, shall be no longer promulgated."

Now we do not know who those ministers are, so gifted, so pious, so devoted, whose writings are so rarely seen in our denominational papers, and whose views are seldom heard in our councils. Br. Chapin has ever been a believer in future discipline, yet no man has worked more heartily with our denomination than he has. Br. Thayer of Brooklyn, Br. Thomas of Philadelphia; Br. D. Skinner of Utica, Br. Sawyer of Clinton, Br. Clark of Lowell, Br. Browne of Nashua, I suppose agree

with him in faith, as do nearly all the clergy with whom I am acquainted, yet there is not one of those whom we have named, who does not write for our publications, and attend our Conventions and Associations. Will the Register be kind enough to explain? Will it name the men to whom it refers? Will it sustain its assertions by facts? We pronounce the representation grossly false; and we defy the Register to prove what it asserts. The truth is, there is ten times the harmony among our clergymen that there is among the Unitarians. It is notorious that for years, their clergy have been in the most discordant state. They have not agreement in faith, not agreement in regard to measures of action, and not agreement in spirit. Some of them are Parkerites; some of them are adverse to all ecclesiastical organizations; and some of them are opposed to any test of faith. Some believe in endless punishment, some in the annihilation of the wicked, some in a future punishment which may end in reformation, and some do not know what they do believe respecting the fate of the wicked. Some think that they ought to have a theology, and some that a theology is a great curse. Some call themselves Unitarians, and some disown the name. Most, if not all of these differences, with others equally exciting, have been subjects of discussion in their councils within the past few years. They have been engaged in inquiring after the cause of the spiritual indifference of their people—the coldness, deadness, everywhere prevalent among them. Various causes have been assigned. Some have thought that the difficulty was a want of faith in the Bible; others that it was in the character of the preaching, and have called for doctrinal sermons, and others that it was because the preaching was not sufficiently practical. Year after year meetings have been held to devise some plan for galvanizing their dead body, but still the people sleep on, for no remedy can be found. And yet, these are the men who talk of incongruous elements among Universalists!

In the article from which we have quoted, an attempt is made to give the impression that those of our ministers who believe in a future discipline, have a strong sympathy for Unitarianism, and that all the opposition to that doctrine, comes from those who confine all the consequences of human actions to this life. We would say, and from an extensive acquaintance with our clergy, that this representation is wholly false. We have no ministers who are more decidedly opposed to Unitarianism than the first named class. If we except one man who has recently been announced as having expressed a desire to be settled as a distinctive Unitarian, which by the way he denies, and one who has recently been settled over a union Society, we do not know of a single clergyman in our denomination, who does not regard Unitarianism as unscriptural, indefinite, and powerless. The doctrine of universal salvation was never clearer to our ministers, than it is at the present time; and we never realized more fully than we do now, its saving efficacy. We are united in believing it true, and equally united in believing it a great and glorious truth, taught by Jesus and the Apostles. And far distant, I doubt not, is the day when we shall abandon this truth for a cold and lifeless philosophy, or a powerless system of negations.

We have had some incongruous elements among us. A few who had borrowed German Rationalism from the Unitarians, disturbed our Zion; but they have gone out from among us. One has gone to the Unitarians, and they are welcome to the rest.

O. A. S.

THE BEST COUNSELLOR.—"When I am making up a plan of consequence," says Lord Bolingbroke, "I always like to consult with a sensible woman."

THE MUTUAL OBLIGATIONS OF MEN TO EACH OTHER.

The whole collection of mankind forms but one mass of homogeneous beings. "Of one blood has the Creator made all nations that dwell on the face of the earth," and though reason speaks more intelligibly to some than others, according to their different organizations and opportunities for acquiring knowledge, yet the idea that an obligation exists of a reciprocity of services can never be obliterated. Judging of the wants and obligations of others by what he himself experiences, every human being feels himself, at times, impelled to the exercise of benevolence. How lamentable then, is the consideration that the passions should darken the fair traces of humanity, and that vengeance and jealousy should so often supplant the feelings of commiseration and gentleness.

Inequality in the gifts of fortune and in the various stations of life, has materially changed the original features of humanity. He who reposes on a bed of down and banquets on delicacies, acknowledges with difficulty the peasant as a brother, whose couch is a plank, and whose morsel is earned by the sweat of his brow. If, at times, and unobserved, he seems to approximate to an indigent and ignoble person, he soon makes amends for his conduct by assuming in public such a haughty air of contempt or indifference, as precludes every idea of familiar acquaintances. But on these occasions reason pleads the cause of human nature, and in the proud and ambitious heart makes her thunders to be heard. She declares that all are made of one blood, and that their origin and destiny are the same.

To preserve the harmony of human society, it is necessary there should be a circulation of wants, of interests and even of prejudices, all converging to one great object; and the necessity, so far from exciting any painful sensations, is the source of the most tender and beneficial duties. *Man* only deserves this noble title, and enjoys his existence, when his heart is dilated into the sympathies and exertions of benevolence. To a real philosopher, no fellow mortal is a stranger. As a citizen of the world, as a member of the human family, he cherishes an affectionate regard for the Greek and the Barbarian, the Asiatic, the European, and the American; weeps with those who weep, and rejoices with those who rejoice, of whatever nation or whatever clime.

A conduct like this would excite admiration in some, while to others it would appear perfectly romantic; and yet it is surely the genuine dictate of reason. But, slaves to their prevailing depravities, the proud man and the miser shut their hearts against it. In the eye of wisdom there can be no more humiliating degradation, than an affected insensibility to human misery. Contemptuously to disdain any relation to a fellow mortal, is to renounce and insult the most faithful portrait of ourselves. To fix our chief estimation of men upon their pomp and opulence, is to prefer earthly advantages to the master-piece of God.

These obvious truths require no study; on sounding our minds they immediately become manifest, and we discover our intimate relations with all the individuals of our species. Our thoughts must continually be upon one or more of the human family. To these must our conversation be addressed, our visits paid, and our correspondence directed; so that, notwithstanding any affected indifference, we must recur to society in all the concerns of life. The most solitary mortal must still be found in fields or cities, cultivated or inhabited by his fellow men. How wretched would be our lot if left entirely to ourselves, surrounded by nothing but forests and rocks. The very idea of being the only inhabitant of an extensive city, fills the mind with horror. The rich man and the day-laborer depend mutually upon each other; our whole life is a state of continual dependence,

and very frequently they are the greatest slaves who imagine themselves the most free.

Tears and smiles were bestowed on man to express his participation in the sorrows and joys of his brother. An intimate union subsists between all the human race, which should lead them to sympathize deeply in each other's welfare. If this union were properly understood—if this relation were realized as it should be, it would lead to a performance of all needful offices of justice and benevolence. Debts would be paid with greater punctuality; the prisoner would not be forgotten in his dungeon, nor the laborer in his cottage, nor the widow and the orphan left to pine alone in sorrow and indigence. We should be anxious to abridge the distance at which the artificial inequality of mankind and the usages of the world have placed men from each other; we should appreciate those days only which have been marked by some acts of benevolence, and consider as a robbery committed against society, all those exertions of laborious and shapeless idleness which cannot be referred to its service.

Such is an epitome of the obligations which men owe to each other; but, alas! how little are they regarded. Man considers his fellows rather as his lawful prey, than natural relative. Fraud, violence and rapine load the annals of his race, and where these are forbidden by laws, defamation and calumny have too often set laws at defiance. Yet with the evil which has so extensively prevailed, there has been mingled much good; and it is believed that the good is gaining and becoming greater in proportion to the evil, thus affording a pledge of its final triumph.

Who does not deplore the evils which arise from the enmity of man towards his fellow man? The malignant effusions of the tongue and pen have wrought incalculable mischief. Some men seem more ferocious than the beasts of the forest, and to be bent solely on the destruction of their fellow creatures; but they are seldom permitted to accomplish their vile purposes to the extent they wish; and when they are successful in slaying a brother, they severely wound themselves. For it is no less the dictate of reason than of Scripture that, "If one member of the human family suffer, all suffer with it." We are so intimately connected and our interests are so united, that if one injures another, the injury he inflicts, to some extent at least, will surely recoil on his own head. The blow which you aim at your brother, must injure yourself.

It is very important that the mutual relations of men should be understood and appreciated. This would do much to soften angry feelings, do away with bitter prejudices and beget kindness and charity among men.

And how desirable it is that the bitterness and wrath, the contention and strife which prevail so extensively, should be done away! The period that should witness the extinction of these, would be hailed with rapturous delight by every well-wisher of our race.

Let then, the ideas of the human brotherhood, of our mutual dependence and obligations, be zealously inculcated. There is in them a mighty power to aid on the work of progress in these heavenly principles which dignify and ennoble human nature.

H. L.

NEW JERSEY CONVENTION.

We have received another letter from Br. R. M. Palmer, with the above caption. We are not anxious to have "the last word" in this matter, nor do we think that it can be profitable to our readers, or any concerned, to prolong remarks on this subject. We say, as we said before, that we have no disposition to intercept or prevent the fair trial or issue of any brother, against whom charges are regularly preferred.

The explanatory or recriminatory remarks which we are called on to publish, will never try or decide Br. Moore's case, and we wish to avoid all comment for the present, and the publication of such articles as Br. Palmer's last, till we shall receive official decision in the case. If Br. Moore has committed anything which calls for the action of the proper ecclesiastical authority, we doubt not that he will pay due deference thereto, nor cherish for a moment a wish to evade any investigation. We wish not to war as those "that beat the air;" therefore, we forbear to publish, at present, anything further in the premises.

A SAFE DOCTRINE.

It is a common saying that it is much safer to believe in an endless hell, than in universal salvation. It seems to us that the question ought to be with every ingenuous mind, what is *true*? not what is safe? If Paul had consulted safety, he would have remained a Pharisee. If Galileo had been influenced by this lower order of motives, he might have yielded to the Pagan priests, and said, yes the earth is an extended flat plane; it is neither round, nor does it turn round, it is better to believe a *safe* lie than an *unsafe* truth. But he had too much greatness and magnanimity of soul to ask what is safe? Every Christian should have courage enough to act and think in the same way. "What is truth?" is the grand question. Let us believe this, and follow where it guides, whatever the consequences.

Has the belief of the doctrine of endless misery any security above that of a belief in the salvation of the world? If so, where is it, and what is it? Do you tell me that it is always safe to lead a holy life, and that the faith in a hell of interminable misery produces this effect? But what kind of goodness is that which is practised from the low and selfish consideration of being secure from some terrible calamity? What would you think of your neighbor who should tell you, he will not burn your house nor steal your goods, for it would be bad policy, it would be very unsafe? You are not a Christian—you will not own that you are a servant of Jesus Christ, because you desire to be safe from hell torments. You rather say, you love God because he is good and altogether worthy of your supreme affection; and you do right because you love it, and repudiate the wrong.

He is on the safe side, we grant, who loves God and his neighbor, but that this love is the legitimate effect of a faith in the doctrine of endless wrath and suffering, we deny. This faith never did and never can produce love in the heart, therefore, it is useless to contend for its safety on the ground of its reformatory and purifying nature. Is it said that there can be no danger in believing the doctrine of endless misery, if Universalism should prove to be true? We answer, this very concession, this implied doubt, and skepticism as to what is truth, must be dangerous to the peace and security of the soul. It is saying in effect, I will believe anything or nothing, just as circumstances, caprice, or policy may dictate, for if at last I am wrong, and have been wrong, Universalism will save me. Is *doubt* safety? Is faith in what may possibly take place a sure and comfortable faith? Let there be no boasting of the safe side, and two chances, by those who do not pretend to know what is true, or what is false in relation to human destiny, the subject of whose faith begins with an *if* and ends in the fog of possibility. Solomon says, "Whoso trusteth in the Lord shall be safe," and David says, "Blessed is he that trusteth in the Lord." Here then is the safe doctrine; a belief in the unchanging goodness and the illimitable love of our heavenly Father. We feel safe in trusting ourselves for time and eternity to his parental and gracious

disposal. Blessed or happy is he, that with filial confidence and holy trust can say, "The Lord is our King, the Lord is our Judge and our lawgiver, and he will save us." There is neither peace, quiet, nor safety in doubts, surmises, and contingencies, in regard to our immortal welfare. That is the "safe side" which recognizes God as the Universal Father, and Christ the first fruits of an immortal blessedness, designed for universal humanity.

B. B. H.

NEW YORK OBSERVER.

In another column will be found a communication which the above paper refused to publish. Concerning the story which called it forth, we would remark, that it is a *nameless* and *dateless* production. We are not told *when* the conduct recorded took place, nor who were the persons implicated, neither is the name of the writer given. This is almost invariably the case with stories of this kind; seldom is any clue given by which to ascertain their truth or falsehood; but when we do have any means of ascertaining their correctness, and proper inquiries are made, the result almost invariably is, they are without foundation. Such, we have no doubt, is the case in this instance. Will the Observer furnish us with the *names* of the parties concerned in this affair and their *residences*?

We never knew a Universalist to forbid a dependent attending an Orthodox meeting, neither did we ever hear of any well authenticated instance of the kind. But many cases of an *opposite* kind have come under our observation. No doubt the Observer is acquainted with such; for they are of frequent occurrence; and what is more, probably approves them. It is all right for a Presbyterian to forbid a child or any person under his control, from attending a Universalist meeting; but if a correspondent can *imagine* a case where a Universalist pursues this course concerning Presbyterian meetings, this is considered worthy of publication, and no person can be allowed to intimate through the paper which sends it forth, a doubt concerning its truth or propriety. If this be christianlike or gentlemanly, then do we greatly misjudge.

H. L.

CLINTON LIBERAL INSTITUTE.

I gratefully acknowledge the following sums from the several Societies and individuals named, as contributions recently received for the benefit of the Clinton Liberal Institute:

From the Universalist Congregation of Clayville	\$6 00
" " Society of Clinton	25 12
" " Congregation of Brooklyn	3 00
" " Society of Lockport,	5 00
" " " Utica,	28 14
" Collection taken for Clergymen at Sullivan Conference and devoted by them to this purpose,	9 37
Will the Guardian please copy.	T. J. SAWYER.
Clinton, Sept. 3, 1849.	

Bro. Silas Hall, who has been a preacher in the Baptist denomination for twenty years, has embraced the doctrine of Universal Salvation. He can no longer preach among his former friends, but he designs to devote his labors to the promulgation of that Gospel "which bringeth salvation to all men." He has not labored in the Baptist Church for about two years, during which time he has studied more carefully the Holy Scriptures and read several of our publications, and the result is, that he has embraced, fully, the faith of the ultimate triumph of Christ over all sin, misery, and death. He proposes to preach to any of our societies that may be wanting a minister's services.

Trumpet and Banner please copy.

PUBLIC SERVICES AT THE HUDSON RIVER ASSOCIATION.

Wednesday morning, after prayer by Br. Collins, Br. J. Baker, of Glens' Falls, preached. His text was: "But the Lord is in his holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before him." Hab. ii. 20.

All the handiworks of nature show the skill of the Contriver, his goodness, wisdom and power. All that man has, he receives—he creates nothing. Man had no claim to existence—it was the gift of God, and this gift is a blessing. Creation was designed for good, and will result in happiness; but man is proud, and instead of "keeping silence" before God, advances his own wisdom, his own agency, his own works, and claims that he can thus defeat Omnipotence. But this is absurd; his power is limited and cannot effect infinite results. If such were the power of man, we might well say, with Watts,

"Great God! on what a slender thread

Hang everlasting things:"

but as God rules, and is building up His own temple, we may say, On His arm hang everlasting things.

There are, through the works of God, no mistakes; his wisdom is sufficient to devise all the means necessary to carry forward his purposes; and those purposes, originating in the wisdom from above, must be pure, peaceable, benevolent and impartial. God designs to fill his holy temple with infinite goodness and happiness. He is the author of all goodness. Man's goodness did not cause God's goodness; the latter existed before the former. All men have some degree of goodness, but they received it from God, who is the fountain of all goodness. We are saved by goodness; but by God's goodness, and not man's. The goodness of God leads to repentance, and therefore it is important that his infinite goodness should be known among men. But the character of God has been grossly slandered, and represented as worse than that of men, and entirely unfit for imitation. In this way much evil has been done. The Bible declares, "God is good unto all, and His tender mercies are over all His works." Jesus is the "brightness of his glory and the express image of His person." And he came for the purpose of destroying evil, which he will do, as the sun dispels darkness. God shall eventually be *all in all*, filling his holy temple with peace glory and bliss.

After the close of this service there was a recess of one hour, during which the people went into an "upper room," where a bountiful supply of good things had been provided for nature's wants. Here was an exemplification of the doctrine which had just been preached. There was enough for all, and none were excluded from the feast. Old and young, rich and poor, male and female were there, and all were abundantly satisfied with the provision made. How emblematical of that "feast of fat things" prepared in Zion for *all people*! At this feast all will have their spiritual wants supplied, so that they shall hunger and thirst no more. Our Father in heaven has amply provided for all his numerous children.

When the congregation again assembled, Br. Collins delivered the Occasional Sermon, from these words: "Not every one that saith unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven." Matt. viii. 21.

Since the introduction of Christianity in the world, a profession of faith has ever been regarded essential to Christian fellowship. And faith is unquestionably of great importance. All sects are influenced by it. It imparts its own hue to every object, and exerts a mighty power among men.

But notwithstanding the importance of faith, we should attach a higher value to the Christian spirit than to any particular

form of faith. This is evident from the text, "Not every one that saith unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven." In many other passages of Scripture, "What doth the Lord thy God require of thee but to deal justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God?" and Paul says, "Though I have all faith . . . and have not charity, I am nothing." A rogue may believe, but a saint only obeys the commands of Jesus. The Christian church is broken in many fragments, and they all differ in some respects. But the Christian spirit is ever the same, and all must acknowledge its great excellence.

It will be objected that Christ often spoke of the importance of faith as the one thing needful. We allow that he did. But those were peculiar times. A profession of Christianity then subjected a person to grievous persecution, and by faith then was meant something more than an intellectual belief—something that took possession of the soul and was manifested in the life. The preacher here spoke with much earnestness of the great importance of holy living, not only as the way of securing true spiritual enjoyment, but also as a means of advancing the cause of truth and righteousness. He said we should have no religion to talk about, but volumes to practice in every-day life.

In the evening, prayer was offered by Br. Wagoner and Br. S. Jenkins preached. The text was: "Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous, nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness to them which are exercised thereby." Heb. xii. 11.

The text teaches the object of punishment. That it is the design of chastisement to benefit those who suffer it, is here plainly testified. The Psalmist affirms that those are blessed who endure the chastisement of the Lord; and how can they be blessed thereby, except by being brought back from vice to obedience.

But God is often represented as delighting in vengeance. That this is so, is claimed from the judgments visited on Korah and his company, Sodom, &c. But these are exceptions to God's general dealings with mankind, at least, apparently so; but even in them we have no evidence that vengeance was intended as an end; we are not told that the evil of even these people will be the final result.

All experience proves that kindness is the most effectual in reforming the guilty. God employs this in his dealings with men; it is a moral power which he brings to bear on the hearts and consciences of mankind. This it was which induced Judas to bring back the "thirty pieces of silver," and say, "I have sinned, in that I have betrayed innocent blood." That God uses a moral power in his dealings with men is evident from the words of the Apostle, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him, if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head." The spirit of this passage, proved by experience, is, that the exercise of kindness—of moral power, is the best of all means in overcoming enmity.

How is the Gospel brought to bear on individuals? By a display of its doctrines, especially the doctrine of the final reconciliation of the world. Here is something which affects mankind for good, leads them to love the Almighty and obey him.

Let us employ the moral power of the Gospel in all our efforts to carry on the work of reform. The speaker referred to the great work wrought by Father Mathew, solely through its influence as an encouragement to others.

Thursday morning, after prayer by Br. J. Baker, We had a discourse from W. H. Wagoner, who took for his text: "Be ye

therefore perfect even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." Matt. v. 48.

The sermon of Christ on the mount is an inimitable production.

It is a miniature Bible of itself, clear in style, dignified in language, and perfectly adapted to the spiritual wants of mankind. It is eloquent, correct and convincing. Examine the writings of the greatest philanthropists the world has produced, and they all fall infinitely short of this great sermon.

In the moral worth of our faith we have the utmost confidence. As certain as Christianity is the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world, so certain it is that this light is contained in our faith. We ask of all a candid consideration of the moral influence of this faith. We have no means of exciting terror in the soul, neither do we approve that course of proceeding.

If we would be good, we must be like God. What then are the moral perfections of God. He is perfectly holy—desires to impart holiness and happiness to all. He is love. God is also just; his laws cannot be violated with impunity. Yet in his justice we discover his goodness, for it aims at our good. Justice and mercy are inseparably connected, Justice inflicts punishment and mercy directs that punishment to a benevolent end—the obedience and happiness of mankind. "Unto thee, O Lord, belongeth mercy, for thou renderest to every man according to his works."

Forgiveness cannot supersede punishment. A parent chastises his child and thus brings him to a sense of his duty, and then exercises mercy in his forgiveness. Mercy is the offspring of the divine affection, and in accordance with justice seeks the happiness of men.

The universality and impartiality of the divine love is a fundamental principle of our faith. The mind is induced to love in proportion as it views this principle in Deity; therefore our views of this subject are best calculated to induce love and good will among men. He that loveth God will love his brother also.

The exercise of love is the foundation of all virtue. Is not then a belief in the impartial love of God, well calculated to promote true holiness.

The object, or one object, of Christ's mission was to reveal the perfections of God—to declare his great love,—give the highest proof of that love in his death on Calvary, and thus induce us to love him. Love is the bond of perfection and union, diffusing peace and gladness among men.

THE BIGOTRY OF PARTIALISM.

In the (Syracuse Presbyterian) *Religious Recorder* of the 16th ult, is a letter from its New York correspondent, headed, "*Some of the Lessons of the Season.*" The writer, over the signature of "Observer," after speaking in more general terms of the prevalence and ravages of the Cholera in New York, descends to particulars, and, without giving names, describes the following cases of death by that disease:

THAT YOUNG LADY.—On Monday she was seen in Broadway, the gayest of the gay; flirting along, and looking wistfully into the show-cases of this great Vanity Fair, and taking no thought for her poor soul. She was, in sentiment, a Universalist; and had often been heard to deride one of our city pastors who had frequently exposed in his preaching, the fallacy of her creed. She went home at tea time, and said she did not feel very well. Immediately after tea she was seized by Cholera, and before night fall on the following day, she was slumbering in Greenwood. On Monday afternoon she was joyously parading Broadway, with no thoughts of death before her eyes. On Tuesday afternoon, at the same hour, her body was deposited in its narrow house. Poor, lost soul! On those dark billows of

everlasting night where thou art now riding, thou wilt learn the folly and fool-hardiness of trifling with God, and abusing his word and his faithful ministers. That same man of God who had often warned thee, and faithfully exposed thy madness in trusting to Universalism, was called to perform the last sad and sacred rites over thy lifeless remains; but his exhortations and prayers were for those who survived thee. Unhappy soul! Hadst thou but remembered thy Creator in the days of thy youth, thou mightest now have been a rejoicing spirit in heaven; but we have reason to fear that thou art realizing the terrors of God's wrath.

THAT AGED COUPLE.—On Sunday they were both in the Sanctuary. He, the aged and tried Soldier of the cross—an office-bearer in the church—stood in his lot on that Sabbath, and attended three public services, and his wife was with him. His health was good, apparently, as it had ever been. On Monday morning he was seized by the direful epidemic, and ere night, was wrapped in his winding sheet. On Tuesday, he was conveyed to the grave. After the solemn services of his interment were ended, the Pastor of the church conversed and prayed with the heart stricken and bereaved companion of the deceased. She appeared calm, submissive, and confiding towards God, and in good bodily health. But in less than an hour, the fell destroyer seized this aged and bereaved wife and widow, and with insatiate fury dragged her down to the gates of death; and ere night-fall on Wednesday, her body was resting from all its pains beside the scarcely cold remains of her husband, and her tried but trusting spirit was re-united with that of her life-long companion.

"In those bright worlds beyond the skies,
Which sorrow ne'er invades."

After the above two paragraphs, the writer, as if he had not yet said enough on the opposite destiny of the old people and the young lady, goes on still farther to speak of the "sweet surprise" of that aged couple on meeting in "the immediate presence of the immaculate Savior," and there singing the "Song of Moses and the Lamb, side by side," so soon after singing God's praises together in his earthly temple; and then says of the young lady and those who die like her, "their souls sink into the blackness and darkness of everlasting night!"

Now in the name of reason, charity, religion and everything sacred, we wish to know on what authority this Presbyterian writer assumes to pass judgement on the eternal destiny of this young lady, as well as the aged couple described? Who made him a judge of other people's consciences and destiny? What had the old people done to entitle them to heaven and glory? What had the young lady done to deserve "the terrors of God's wrath" and, "the blackness and darkness of everlasting night?" Nothing, on either part, except that the old people were strict in attending Orthodox meetings, and believed in the doctrine of endless damnation for others; while the young lady was a Universalist, and believed that God was as good to others, as he was to her, and purposed and would effect the ultimate salvation of the whole world! For this she must be sentenced to immortal and endless woe, to roll on the "billows of everlasting night."

But it is said she "had often been heard to deride one of our city pastors, who had frequently exposed in his preaching the fallacy of her creed." Now the probability is, (unless the whole story be an entire fabrication, from beginning to end, got up merely for effect,) that the "city pastor" was a real religious mountebank, or an ignorant fanatic, with zeal without knowledge, who either ignorantly or wilfully caricatured, misrepresented, and abused Universalism and Universalists, and that he really made so ridiculous a figure (as most that undertake this dirty business do) that he excited the risibility of this young lady and the contempt or derision of all sensible people; and because she ridiculed his truly ridiculous and futile efforts to overthrow Universalism, he sentences her to the

lowest hell, to the "blackness and darkness of everlasting night."

But in the name of all that is charitable and decent, we do protest against the littleness, the bigotry, the intolerance, the petty popery, exhibited in the above article against a young lady, merely because she differed in her opinion from the writer, this self-constituted judge of the eternal destinies of men, and when nothing whatever is proved against her character. When will professing Christians learn and act upon the precepts of their Divine Master? "Judge not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged; and, with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again. And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is thine own eye? Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye." In addition to the petty bigotry exhibited by this writer towards the young lady whom he so unceremoniously judges to hell, his language respecting the aged widow is, if possible, still more ridiculous. He speaks of God's messenger sent to remove her from this vale of tears as the "fell destroyer," seizing her and "with insatiate fury dragging her down to the gates of death," while in the very same sentence he speaks of the event as re-uniting the spirit of this aged and bereaved wife and widow "with that of her life-long companion, 'In those bright worlds beyond the sky, which sorrow ne'er invades.'"

What a fell destroyer, what insatiate fury, was exhibited in dragging down [up] this bereaved widow from her solitary vale of sorrow, to the blissful mansions on high! Such men like Jonah in his wrath, "do well to be angry," when "derided" for their nonsense.

D. S.

I. If God's name and nature be *love*, and he be *infinite*, does he not love every being he has ever created? If his love be limited to *less* than the whole, can it be *infinite*?

II. If he now loves all and be *immutable*, can he ever cease to love any being he has ever created? If not,

III. Can he ever torment any of his creatures to all eternity, or render endlessly miserable a being whom he loves with an infinite and immutable affection?

IV. Seeing he is love, and wherever he exists and reigns love must exist and reign, does it not necessarily follow, if there be any being to whom His love does *not* extend, that that being has no God, and can be under no obligations to love God? One who loves, alone has the right to claim love in return.

D. S.

ENDLESS MISERY.

It is but a few years since it was considered the rankest heresy by the orthodox, to doubt the doctrine of endless misery. All who did this were denounced in the severest manner. But times have changed. Now the clergy of all the limitarian sects, know that many of their hearers openly reject the doctrine; that many others sincerely question its truth, and that still more are always displeased when it is preached. Poor ministers; they have a hard time; the word they preach is not mixed with faith among those who hear. In a few years, they will have to abandon their old superstition. We hope that like the Unitarians, they will not stop at a half way station, but come over fully to the glorious Gospel of infinite grace.

O. A. S.

Address Rev. J. H. Tuttle, Fulton, Oswego Co., N. Y.

As soon as a person takes pleasure in hearing slander, he is to be ranked in the number of slanderers.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Mr. S. B. James, Ogdensburgh, N. Y., writes us that in July last, he paid a travelling agent 50 cents for his subscription to the Magazine and Advocate and received two Nos. 28 and 29, "since which he has received none." *Who is that agent?* and why has he neglected to send us the name of Mr. James? We have sent the numbers due, and we desire the name and doings of this agent, if he is an authorized one. HALLOCK & LYON.

MINUTES OF THE HUDSON RIVER ASSOCIATION.

Met at Porter's Corners, Wednesday, Sept. 5th. Br. J. Baker was appointed Moderator and Br. C. T. Corliss, Clerk. United in prayer with Br. S. Jenkins.

Br. Wagoner, from the Missionary Committee, appointed last year, reported that Br. Corliss had been induced to labor with several places previously destitute, and that the cause is prospering under his ministrations. The Committee of Fellowship, reported that Br. C. Smith, of Stockport, had applied for the fellowship of the Association. The report was accepted and fellowship granted to Br. Smith. Also reported, a request from Br. T. C. Corliss for ordination; granted. Appointed G. Collins, W. H. Wagoner, S. Van Schaack, Committee on Fellowship and Ordination. W. H. Chase, J. J. Aspinwall, and Otis Bently, Com. on Discipline. J. Baker, G. Collins, Clerical, E. G. Huling, W. H. Chase, Laymen, Delegates to the next State Convention. Designated Glen's Falls, as the place of next meeting, and Br. W. H. Wagoner as preacher of the next Occasional Sermon. Appointed Br. G. Collins to preach a sermon on the subject of Sabbath Schools, on the evening of the first day of meeting next year. Appointed Br. J. A. Aspinwall to prepare and read at the next session an essay on the history of the Association.

Appointed a Conference at Pittstown, the second Wednesday and Thursday in October next.

The following was laid over for consideration next year:

Resolved, That our Constitution be so altered that no ministering brethren moving into the Association be received in its fellowship, unless they bring a certificate of good moral character and ministerial qualification from the Association with which they were previously connected, and that this certificate be dated within three months of the time of leaving the former Association.

Resolved, That the Constitution be further altered so that the brother be required to subscribe to the following test: "I believe the Bible contains the records of a special revelation from God, which is indispensably necessary for Christian faith and practice, and I will faithfully preach its doctrines and inculcate its precepts."

Voted, That the Standing Clerk have power to appoint Conferences the ensuing year, as he may deem proper.

DELEGATES PRESENT.

Noah Coleman, Fort Ann, 2d Society. J. M. Moore, D. Lake, Shenectady. Daniel Van Horne, Duaneburgh. Otis Bently, Wm. Learing, Saratoga. S. Gregory, John Harris, Porter's Corners. A. Mc Kinstry, W. H. Chase, Hudson. Calvin Townson, Hartford, Lay. J. A. Aspinwall, G. Collins, W. H. Wagoner, C. M. Patterson, J. Baker, C. T. Corliss, Clerg. Other members present, S. Jenkins, H. Lyon.

REMARKS.—Thus ended this pleasant session of the Hudson River Association. The sermons were good—the attendance large—the friends at Porter's Corners hospitable.

One thing we regret, the society in this place are surely sleeping. Their church is seldom opened for religious service. This should not be, we trust will not continue much longer. Brethren awake!

Miscellaneous Department.

Original.

LET ME LIE IN THE EARTH.

"Of the manner of burial, that of interment is certainly the most ancient and religious. It restores to the earth what had been taken from it."—*Ancient History.*

Let me lie in the earth, when my forehead is cold
And my cheek wears a lily-like hue,
When the days of my life are all numbered and told,
And to dear ones I've whispered adieu.

Take me not to an abbey of marble and gold,
Where the king goes away to his rest;
Where they gathered the royal and knightly of old,
With the star and the cross on their breast.

There a stranger might pause, in his wonder to gaze,
As I lay in my cold, dreamless sleep;
And thousands might envy the glitter and blaze—
But not one of the thousands would weep.

Make me, never, a vault, or a coffin of lead
That may ope with a dull, glassy door;
Oh! I cannot see why ye would hold back the dead
When their voices can greet you no more.

There are some whom I love, that might feel a relief
To come up to my dark, silent room;
But their hearts would be wrung with a heavier grief
As they left me alone in the gloom.

Ah! I'd rather they'd come to some beautiful glen,
Where bird-music is out on the air;
Ah! I'd rather they'd come and sit down by me then,
And strew violets over me there!

Let me lie in the earth! I'm a creature of dust,
As well as a child of the sky;
Make the prince and the princess a tomb, if you must,
But lay me in the earth *when I die.*

Oh! then make me a grave, where some murmuring stream
Glides along with its musical flow;
And flowers, that fade in the Autumn's beam,
Cast their leaves o'er the sleeper below.
Birmingham, Mich., August, 1849. LXXA.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

Ah! what so refreshing, so soothing, so satisfying, as the placid joys of home? See the traveler—does duty call him for a season to leave his beloved circle? The image of his earthly happiness continues vivid in his remembrance; it quickens him to diligence, it makes him hail the hour which sees his purpose accomplished and his face turned toward home; it communes with him as he journeys, and he hears the promise which causes him hope—"Thou shalt know also that the tabernacle shall be in peace, and thou shalt visit thy tabernacle and not sin." Oh! the joys of a divided family—the pleasures of renewed interview and conversation, after days of absence! Behold the man of science—he drops the laborious and painful research—closes his volume—smooths his wrinkled brow—leaves his study, and unbending himself, stoops to the capacities, yields to the wishes, and mingles with the diversions of his children. Take the man of trade—what reconciles him to the toils of business? what enables him to endure the fastidiousness and impertinence of customers? what rewards him for so

many hours of tedious confinement? By and by the season of intercourse will behold the desire of his eyes and the children of his love, for whom he resigns his care; and in their welfare and smiles he will find his recompense. Yonder comes the laborer—he has borne the burden and heat of the day—the descending sun has released him of his toil, hastening home to enjoy sweet repose. Half way down the lane by which stands his cottage, his children run to meet him. One he carries one he leads. The companion of his humble life is ready to furnish him with his plain repast. See his toil worn countenance assume an air of cheerfulness. His hardships are forgotten—fatigue vanishes—he eats and is satisfied. He walks with uncovered head around his garden—enters again, and retires to rest; and "the rest of a laboring man is sweet, whether he eats little or much." Inhabitants of this lonely dwelling, who can be indifferent to thy comfort? Peace to this house!

[Rev. W. Jay.

Youth's Department.

JAMES LUMBARD, EDITOR.

Original.

NATURE'S ORGAN.

BY MISS LAURA EGGLESTON.

Nature is a glorious Organ!
All its million keys resound,
As Love's finger, fair and golden,
O'er them sweeps with skill profound.

Listen to the endless numbers
Rising from creation's shrine;
Nothing in inaction slumbers,
All in music-tones combine!

Love's mysterious, brilliant finger,
Sweeps o'er Nature's Organ broad;
Million sounds arise, nor linger,
Till they reach the throne of God.

At His fiat plays the thunder,
And the high volcanoes sound;
Ocean's billows roar in grandeur,
And the earthquake shakes the ground.

Sounds of earth and air are blending,
With the music of the spheres;
On their shining course all wending,
Form the hymn of endless years.

Not a jarring note, or broken,
In the Organ ever rings;
Order, is the heavenly token,
Swaying all created things!

German, N. Y.

THE SEAMSTRESSES.

Prepared by James G. McAdam, and spoken at the last Annual Exhibition of the Bleecker-street Sunday School.

Julia and Mary—sitting sewing. Mary says:—
This constant stitch, stitch, work, work, is very hard;
It seems to take away my strength; and as for studying,
why I can no more study, than I can fly. (rising suddenly.) There, I forgot to feed my poor little bird, (taking down the cage from the wall.) I declare, it is dead.
Oh! my poor little bird! what shall I do?

Julia.—(Rising, looks at it.) Oh, never mind, it is better away out of this sad world. Its poor little heart was broken by being caged up within such narrow limits, and you had not time to attend to its little wants. (Julia sits down to her work again.) Come, Mary dear, this work must all be done to night; you know Miss Fashion is a new customer, and if the work is not done in season it may be thrown on our hands. Come, come, don't worry yourself about the poor little bird.

Mary.—If I had only seen it die, if I had known it was suffering, I could have relieved it, but it died when no one was watching it, perhaps it died when we were so merry this morning. I am afraid I am to blame about it. *Julia*, is not death something very strange? Look at this poor, poor creature—see how sweet it rests; its little eyes are closed forever, its little throat that used to warble rich music over our heads, making our hearts light with melody, is now silent as the grave; those little wings, it used to stretch and plume, and flutter within its little prison, (I call this cage a prison,) are now folded up in sweet rest.

Julia.—Dear Mary, come to your sewing; you know we have no time to attend to such things; we must get our sewing done, or we cannot expect to get our pay, and you know how much we need the pay for this work.

Mary.—*Julia*, leave me alone for a little, I will work harder to make it up. I was just thinking that this may resemble our own fate. We are shut up in this little room, like two caged birds, and we stitch, stitch, sew, sew, all the time—the open air scarcely ever fans our cheeks, and there are few, very few to visit us in our little prison-house, to cheer us up. Our own rustic singing is all our amusement, and I can see no end to it. If we should die like this little bird without any one to see to us—without any one to raise our heads, or to help to close our eyes. Oh! *Julia*, I love this little bird (pressing it to her bosom.) It is the last relic of the olden time, it is the last memento of my dear mother. She never thought her children would come to this. This the last link between the happy days of parental care and cold, cold orphanage is gone. But I must hurry to my work. Poor, poor sweet bird lie there, till I gain time to attend your burial. (Hanging up the cage and commences to sew.)

Enter Rosanna—A servant girl, who says:

Is Miss July in?

Julia.—Yes ma'm, that's my name—what do you wish?

Rosanna.—My mistress sent me for her dress and the other work you are doing for her.

Julia.—It is not quite done. We sat up the greater part of the night to accomplish this work, but we could not get it finished. Be kind enough to say to your mistress that it will be done very soon, and that one of us, either my sister or myself will bring it home to her.

Rosanna.—Very well main, I will tell her so. (Exit.)

Julia.—Now Mary do you see what you have done by paying attention to your dead bird? Better to attend to the living. We may lose her custom. People that earn their living by sewing, the way that sewing is paid for now-a-days, can't afford to be sentimental. I could take pleasure in attending to reading and study as much as any one, but we must have bread to eat, and we must see that the rent is paid, or be turned into the street. There is a great deal of charity talked about, but very little practiced.

Mary.—Well, I know that I have done wrong, but I could not help it. There is a sympathy in my heart that can't be checked all at once, even by poverty. (They both sew.)

Enter Miss Fashion—(Dressed highly. Steps up to *Julia*—takes the work up and looks at it.)

Well, Miss *Julia* you have injured me much in not hav-

ing my work done when I told you I wanted it. I needed it to go to a party—a party of the most fashionable kind. You have hurt my feelings; it will disappoint more than me if I am not there. And then to miss being there on your account. How could you think of using me so badly?

Julia.—Madam, we tried all we could to have your work done, but we are not very healthy; constant sewing makes us very weak, and though we sat up a great part of last night, yet we could not get through; but I thought the party was for to-night.

Fashion.—So it is, but then you can't have all this work done in time now.

Julia.—You will be in good season for such a party at about ten o'clock in the evening.

Fashion.—Oh, certainly I should not go any earlier if it was all ready. That is a very fashionable hour.

Julia.—Very, very fashionable. Be kind enough to leave it to me. I will see that the work is at your house in good season.

Fashion.—I will trust to it then, do not disappoint me. [Exit Miss Fashion.]

Mary.—I am really sorry, but we can get the work done yet. [They both sew.]

Enter Jack—with a hand saw and hammer, dressed as a carpenter, whistling. Throws down his tools in a corner, and his hat. Takes Mary by the hand, stops her sewing.

There now you have sewed enough to night.

Mary.—Let me alone! I am in a great hurry.

Jack.—A great hurry at this time of night! Ten hours' work a day is enough for any body, and especially for you.

Julia.—Come, John, let Mary work, for we are in a great hurry.

Jack.—Well, now, I guess you have not heard the news. —(Gives Mary her work.)

Julia.—What news?

Jack.—About this ere California. They say the gold is piled in just as thick as rocks in old Connecticut. Every one of us can be made as rich as we please. (Sings.)

"Oh, it's dig, dig—scratch, scratch—dig, dig away—

And every dig you get a lump of the purest gold, they say."

Now, Mary, if you will stop working, and trust to me, I will go out to them ere diggings and bring you back as much gold as you have a mind to. Let us do a little fancy work. Imagine that I have been to California and got back with as much gold as would be necessary—what would we do first?

Mary.—Let us alone till we get this work done. It has to be done to-night.

Jack.—Who is it for any how, that can be so plaguey particular?

Julia.—Miss Fashion, of Waverly Place.

Jack.—Well now, you don't say. She is one of the tightest creatures you ever saw. She will snip you down. She will be sure to reduce your price: mind, I tell you—put on two prices. She is one of that kind that always beats down the price. She thinks common folks can live on pine knots and saw-dust. I did a job for her fixing up some hen-roosts, and I don't know what all, and it took me three days' hard work, and I furnished the stuff. I charged common journeyman's wages, 12 shillings a day and no profit on the stuff. Was she satisfied? no, she beat me down half a dollar. She called that smart business. I don't. I call that ere beating down mechanics on common wages, a very poor business, and I think it ought to be exposed. Just calculate 50 cents of every three days' work is a dollar a week, 52 dollars a year. Take that at a run for 10 years, you see it would make 500 dollars, not counting the odds—that is the

way some people make their money. But they shan't make any more out of me in that way.

Julia.—I am done, how are you Mary?

Mary.—I am just about done—there—there. (*Julia folds the dress up.*) What kind of a night is it, Jack?

Jack.—Out doors! oh, beautiful; as handsome as you can imagine. Are you going out, girls?

Julia.—Yes, we are to take home this work to Miss Fashion.

Jack.—Now I tell you, charge her a dollar more than you mean to take, or else she will get a dollar out of you; she is so contemptibly mean.

Julia.—We have regular charges, and we can't in honesty charge more to her than others.

Jack.—Do as you like, but I tell you what kind of a critter she is; just as close fisted as a parrot on a pole.

Mary.—Who will take them home?

Jack.—Let us all go. It is a beautiful evening; the air will do you good. I will protect you from all danger.

Julia.—Come then, come, come, hurry, hurry. [*Exit all.*]

Miss Fashion sitting in her room, (rings the bell.) *Rosanna* enters. Have my things not come yet. I must go without them, just as I am; it is nearly ten o'clock. By the time I get there it will be nothing too early. Tell the coachman to be ready.

Rosanna.—Yes ma'm. [*Exit.*]

(*Julia, Mary and Jack enter upon the stair-way.*) *Jack* says: Go in both of you, don't be afraid of her, she is no more than a woman, go in; I will wait here. Now be sure to put on an extra dollar, or you will lose by it; mind now I tell you, a dollar's a dollar.

(*Julia and Mary enter upon the stage. Jack stands on the stair-way, and whistles a piece of a tune.*)

Miss Fashion.—Ah, come at last; tedious waiting on such folks. It seems to me, if I had to sew for a living I would be more active than you seem to be. (*She examines the work.*)—Very well done. You can wait a month or two for your pay I suppose. My habit is not to pay bills except every six months, but I suppose you can't wait quite so long.

Julia.—No ma'm. We are really in present need of the money.

Miss Fashion.—That is strange? What do you do with all the money you make?

Julia.—We don't make much ma'm. Sewing is very poorly paid. We have worked on these things both of us all the week, and very hard too to get them done.

Miss Fashion.—Very well, I will pay you now, to get rid of you. What is your bill?

Julia.—We shall charge you five dollars and a half for the work, and 50 cents for trimmings, six dollars altogether.

Fashion.—Six dollars! astonishing price. Dearer than I could get the same work done in Broadway, or even in Paris.

Julia.—I think not, ma'm. That is the very lowest we could afford to take.

Jack.—(Outside) I will bet my head against a field of pumpkins, she is at her old trick of beating down, beating down. That is scandalous business for a lady.

Miss Fashion.—Here, I will give you five dollars; that will pay you very well. If you could always do as well, you can make money.

Mary.—Oh, mam, we can't do that. We worked so hard that my little Canary died for want of attention, and I am afraid we shall all have to die if that be our pay.

Miss Fashion.—No impertinence, Miss. There is your money. Now go away. I have no time; either take it or leave it. (*Julia takes it and then both leave, by the other side of the stage and walk round and meet Jack at the other side.*)

Miss Fashion.—(going off the Stage.) A pretty thing

to be dictated to by this common seamstress. I will not patronize such trash any more. (*Exit.*)

Jack.—Well, did she reduce your charge; she did, I know. She is able. I will tell what to do; will you take my advice. I would employ a lawyer, and make her pay every cent. Just look at it; you both work here all the week for nothing, and get shaved out of the half of that. It's too bad. I wish I was Zachary Taylor for six months. I would see that the Ten Hour System was not merely talked about, but that it was carried out; and that wages should be kept up to a living standard. Re Election or not. I would do it. What are you going to do about it?

Mary.—We—what can we do? To go to law about a dollar, is out of the question.

Jack.—That is just the way that the poor are robbed, a dollar here and a dollar there, taken from the earnings of the working community, deducts from their whole income millions of money. I say you must resist this growing evil. The rich patronize the poor by giving them work at half price, and then refuse to pay that in full.

Mary.—All the resistance we could make would not be the weight of a feather against a flood tide. No, no, Jack, it is not we that can do any good in reforming the customs of the day. We must trust our cause with a virtuous and Christian community. The ladies who sit under the out-spread branches of peace and plenty, should see that their less-favored sisters, the poor seamstresses are not sacrificed altogether to the cupidity and avarice of their fellow-beings; but they are often the ones, who with hearts like flints, elicit no kindly sparks, except when smitten with the steel of affliction. Were they as liberal as they might be, we could hope for the day when the daughters of the needle would be placed above the griping necessities of actual poverty.

Jack.—I am rather young to say much; but I have a big heart, and I feel as if this was not as it ought to be. Those that do least, get the most, and those that work hard get but a scanty living. It was said that man was to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. But it was never meant that woman, lovely woman, was to work from day to day, and week to week, without earning enough to secure comfort. Let us, my Christian Brethren, begin this reform, pay honest labor its fair reward, and by so doing, we will wipe away the cold tear of sorrow from many faces, and facilitate the good time coming when earth will be happy as heaven.

CONVENTION NOTICES, &c.

UNITED STATES' CONVENTION.

The General Convention of Universalists in the United States, will hold its next session in Cincinnati, Ohio, on the first Wednesday and following Thursday in October, 1849. The change in the time has been made in compliance with the request of the brethren in Cincinnati, urged on account of the epidemic which has prevailed in that city. It is confidently believed by them that the Cholera will have entirely disappeared from their midst by the 1st of October.

At the last session of this body, Rev. A. A. Miner was appointed to preach the next Occasional Sermon. Dr. H. Ballou, 2d, was appointed a Committee to prepare some general plan for the investigation of charges of improper conduct, whenever made against a clergyman of the order, to report at the next session. It was also voted that the Committee appointed at the session of 1847, to collect facts pertaining to the sessions of the General Convention of the New England States, and others, be continued, to report at the next session. The Committee consists of Revs. T. Whittemore and H. Ballou, 2d.

J. M. AUSTIN, Standing Clerk

NOTICE.

THE OTSEGO UNIVERSALIST MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION will meet at the Fly Creek Universalist Church, on the last Wednesday and Thursday of September. Ministers and people are urged to come up to this mountain of our God. The feast is for all. There will be preaching both days.

J. A. BARTLETT, President.

CONFERENCE AT "FORD'S BUSH," MONTGOMERY, CO., N. Y.

There will be a conference at "Ford's Bush, Montgomery, Co. N. Y." on Wednesday and Thursday the 19th and 20th of Sept. next. Come preachers, and come people, from far and from near, and we will endeavor to give you as hearty a reception as in time past.

J. P. KELLER, } Trustees of Ford's
D. MOYER, } Universalist Socie-
A. PEPPER } ty.

Minden. Montgomery Co., N. Y., Aug. 1849.

A CONFERENCE

Of the Ontario Association of Universalists will be held in the Baptist Church in Plainsville, on the last Wednesday and Thursday of September, (19th and 20th,) commencing at 10 o'clock, first day.

Plainsville is one mile north of Clifton Springs. Preachers and others who might wish to ride in the Cars, can get off at Clifton. Wake friends! let there be a great gathering, for the cause is worthy. All are invited to attend.

Victor, Aug. 23d, 1849. J. R. JOHNSON, Standing Clerk.

CONFERENCE AT RUSHVILLE.

The Ontario Association of Universalists will hold a Conference in Rushville, (ten miles south of Canandaigua,) on the first Wednesday and Thursday in October next, 3d and 4th. The Methodists have kindly granted us the use of their meeting house for the occasion.

Mr. Benjamin Perry will direct visitors to places of entertainment. We confidently look for a large meeting. We hope the ministers in this region, and from abroad, will remember us and be present; and laymen a host, friends, and strangers to the "Faith once delivered to the Saints." Awake! O, Zion!

J. R. JOHNSON.

Victor, N. Y., Sept. 3d, 1849.

NOTICE.

A Conference of the Mohawk River Association of Universalists, will be holden at Holland Patent, (town of Trenton,) on the first Wednesday and Thursday, (3d and 4th days) of October next. All our ministering brethren of this and of sister Associations, and brethren and sisters generally of our faith, as well as those "of the contrary part," are respectfully invited to be present, and share with us in the joys and benefits of the occasion.

J. D. HICKS, Standing Clerk.

Sept. 3d, 1849.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

Br. S. J. Hillyer will preach in Newtown, Ct., Sunday, Sept. 16th, morning and afternoon, and in Stepney, in the evening.

Br. W. A. Stickney will preach at Westport, Ct., the fourth Sabbath in September, morning and afternoon, and Lecture in the Town House in Norwalk at 5 o'clock, the same day.

Br. W. R. G. Mellen, of Cabotville, Mass., will preach in Williamsburgh the third and fourth Sundays of September.

NOTICE.

There will be a Conference held at Farmerville, Seneca Co., on the fourth Wednesday and Thursday, (26th and 27th,) of September. Ministering brethren are cordially invited to attend. There are quite a number of warm-hearted friends in Farmerville who will take good care of those who may come from a distance. As there is not a single society of our order in Seneca Co., and as the object of this meeting is to bring together the friends of truth in the vicinity of the above-named village, that they may take steps for the organization of a society and the support of preaching among them, it is sincerely hoped that all our clerical brethren who can, will make it in their way to be present.

H. BOUGHTON.

Scipio, Sept. 4, 1849.

NOTICE.

A Universalist Conference will be held in Townsend Settlement, Chemung Co., the first Wednesday and Thursday in October next.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on Wednesday, Sept. 5, by Rev. W. S. Balch, Mr. John S. Allen, to Miss H. Maria Tucker, oldest daughter of Wm. Tucker, Esq., all of this city.

In the city of Auburn, by Rev. H. Boughton, on the 14th of May, 1848, Mr. Elijah L. Shepherd, to Miss Sally O. Sweet, both of Skenesbale.

In Little Falls, August 7th, by Rev. J. D. Hicks, Mr. D. C. Paine, to Miss Martha Filkins.

In Canajoharie, by the same, Aug. 15th, Mr. George Bush to Miss Polly Garlock.

In Danube, by the same, Aug. 26th, Mr. Solomon Daxtater, to Miss Filena Shaul.

DEATHS.

In Norwich, Ct., August 31st, Mr. ISRAEL K. CORNELL, aged 26 years, formerly a printer in this city.

In Herkimer, on the 25th ult., Roxse Brown, relict of the late Ichabod G. Brown, aged 45 years. She had been an affectionate wife, a tender and provident mother, a devoted Christian, a kind neighbor, and a useful member of society. She died, as she had long lived, strong in the faith of immortality, and in the hope of the salvation of the whole world through Jesus Christ, the resurrection and the life. Her funeral was attended at the Dutch Reformed Church in this village on the 27th ult, by a large concourse of sympathizing neighbors and friends, to whom, and the relatives, a discourse was preached by Rev. D. Skinner, assisted in the services by Rev. J. D. Hicks.

In Evans Mills, Jeff. Co., July 30, Jane, wife of W. H. Granger, aged 62 years. Br. Granger has long resided in that place, and his lady had a large circle of acquaintances and friends, by all of whom she was much respected and beloved. She was ill, I believe, for some time, and she suffered resignedly. Her last hour was illuminated with bright visions of the spirit land, and her exit was joyful.

In Little Falls, on the 30th ult., Mr. Nicholas Casler, aged 48 years, 6 months and 16 days, leaving a wife and numerous family behind to lament his loss.

In Minden, on the 31st ult., where he was visiting a friend, Mr. A. Woodworth, of Herkimer, aged 68 years, leaving a wife and a large family of sons and daughters to mourn his loss.

In Danube, N. Y., August 27th, Mrs. Margaret Link, relict of Jacob Link, in the 83d year of her age. This aged mother suffered much from the complicated diseases with which she was afflicted for a long time previous to her death. But through all she retained her confidence in God and hope in immortality, and faith in the ultimate salvation of all the kindreds of the race of man.

J. D. HICKS.

New-York Cattle Market...Monday, Sept. 3.

At market, 2,000 Beef Cattle, (all Southern,) 50 Cows and Calves, and 4,700 Sheep and Lambs.

BEEF CATTLE.—The supplies this week were greater than we have known for several months past. However, in the face of an active demand, the prices keep well up. Sales at \$6 to \$7 50 per 100 lbs. About 200 left over. A lot of 100 head was driven to Boston.

COWS AND CALVES.—Sold at \$20 to \$36 42 50. Unsold 15.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—Sheep sell at from \$2 75 to \$5 50, as in quality. Lambs at from \$1 25 to \$3 50. Left over 500.